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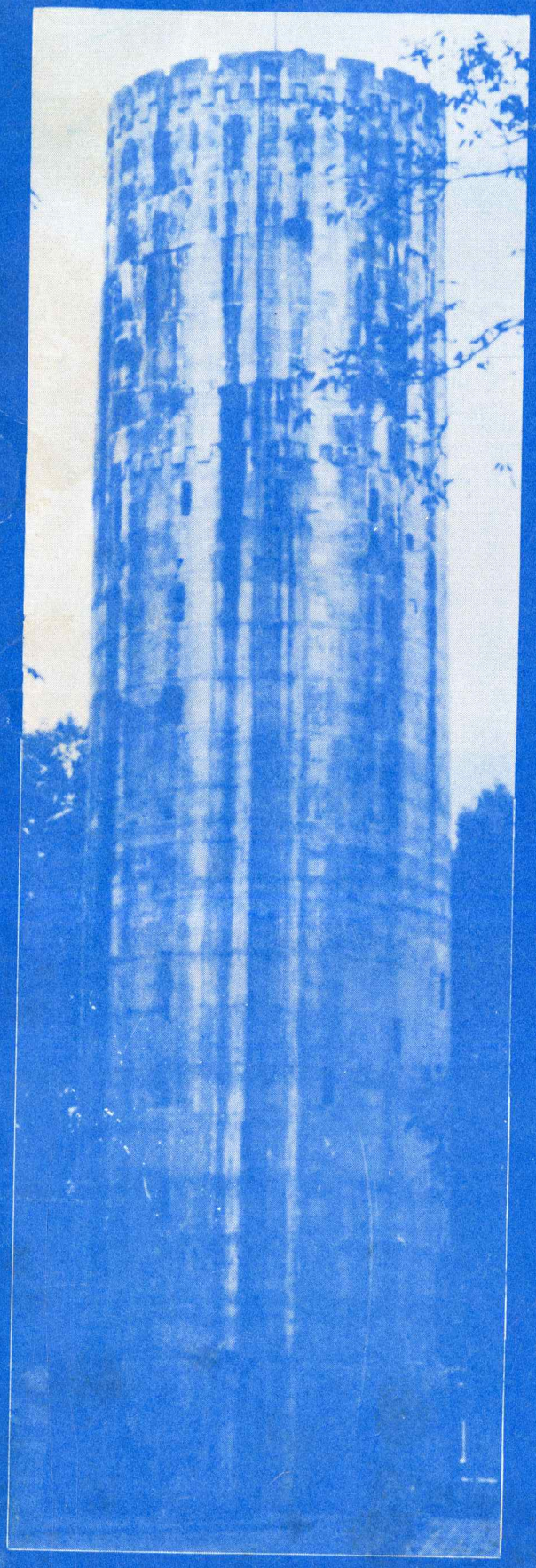

TOWER

VOLUME II, BOOK I
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THE TOWER

Vol. 2 January, 1959 Book 1

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From the Editor's Desk

From time to time it is necessary for an individual, a group, or an organization to take a look into the past and into the future. This is what Pi Delta Epsilon, the national honorary journalism fraternity did in 1957. From the past, the *Tower,* an abandoned college publication was remembered. Then with the idea of reviving it, Pi Delt looked into the future and saw many advantages of having it again published. The main purpose as they saw it was to give the creative writers on campus an outlet.

With this as an objective, the organization selected a staff and devised ways in which money could be obtained to meet the publication cost. And in the spring of 1958, the *Tower* was again published. This issue being well received and with backing from the faculty and administration, the *Tower* returned to it rightful place as an official Alabama College publication.

With this issue of the *Tower* I feel confident that it will hold that position, and will continue to represent the quality of Alabama College for which it is noted. But it is only through you, the students, the faculty, the staff, and the administration, by your support that it can continue. For without that it would fill no need or no purpose.

So, as I lay down my pen, I pick up the hope, and I think you will, that the *Tower* will not be referred to in the future, as just a magazine that was once a college publication.

BOB MURRAY
Editor

A few minutes of pleasure from

Rodney Carruthers, Esq.

by SARA LOU BERRY

I. THE GENTLEMAN AND THE BUM

"GOTTA DIME for a cup of coffee, mister?"

"My good man," said Rodney Carruthers, Esquire, adjusting his cravat, "have you ever contemplated the rising cost of living? Why, I can remember when one could purchase a cup of coffee for one nickel. Amazing how times have changed."

"Mister, I . . ."

"Pray take a seat on this delightful bench and enjoy with me the refreshing sounds of nature."

An old milk truck rattled by noisily and from across the street a shrill woman's voice cried, "Joey! You get in here this minute!"

Rodney inhaled deeply. "You know there's something about a park that makes one feel young again. Don't you agree?"

"Well, I ain't never thought of it in that way."

"But you should, my friend, you should. Not every citizen can avail himself of the opportunity to stroll in a park. We're very lucky. We have thousands of them."

"Yeah."

"Look at that tree over there," said Rodney, pointing with his walking stick. "It must be hundreds of years old. See how its heavy branches sag. Do we, in this fast and furious world, take time out to sympathize with the tree? No! I tell you something must be done."

"We could put a sign on it, maybe?"

"And have everyone beat a path just to read a message? Absurd! It must be recognized in its own right with no signs marring its simplicity and beauty." Rodney paused to dust a speck of lint from his sleeve. "That's what's wrong with us today, my friend. We depend on too much. We never try to rely on our own innate ability. This disastrous state is leading us to inevitable collapse and ruin. Oh, it is a sad thing, a sad thing indeed, my friend."

"Yeah . . ."

"If only men would wake up and see their situation. It is futile to try to tell them this, though. They're too busy trying not to see it. Have you ever stood in the subway and watched the afternoon scramble to get home?"

"Naw, I . . ."

"Constant rushing . . . in a frenzy to get nowhere. Ah . . ." Rodney glanced at his watch. "It's getting rather late and I have an appointment," he said, rising.

"It's been very nice talking to you." He tipped his hat. "Good day."

"Uh, yeah, so long."

II. A TAXI RIDE OR MUSINGS EN ROUTE

"WHERE TO, mister?"

"322 East 53rd."

The driver slammed his foot on the accelerator and roared away from the curb. Rodney Carruthers, Esquire, collected himself indignantly from the jolt and sat upright.

"I do not quite understand the need for all the hurry and rush in our world today."

"What's that, mister?"

"I said I do not quite . . ."

"Hey! Watch it there!" The driver pushed his cap back. "These damn fool drivers. It's a wonder the city gives 'em a license."

"There's really no need for it."

"What?"

"Rush."

The driver grinned. "Hell, mister. If you don't run faster'n the next guy he'll run you down."

"It's time we began to look more favorably on Thoreau."

"Huh?"

"Henry Thoreau—a nineteenth century philosopher we would do well to copy. His ideas on nature are stimulating in this present age."

"Oh, I guess he's one o' them nature lovers, huh? Well, I ain't got nothing against them. Kind of like it myself once in awhile."

"It should not be an intermittent occurrence. One must really delve into the enjoyment of finding happiness in nature."

"What? Ho, yeah, sure. You got a point, mister."

They had stopped for a light. "Take that woman over there," said Rodney, nodding towards the bus corner.

"Hey, she's a looker, ain't she?"

"Do you suppose she ever takes time out to enjoy nature?"

"Mister," the driver laughed, "with a shape like that she can enjoy nature anytime."

The light changed and the driver pulled away reluctantly. Rodney shook his head sadly. "It's a pity, a great pity."

They slowed down again as a large moving van jolted out of a driveway.

"Have you ever meditated on the absurdity of it?"

"What's that?"

"Rush."

"You still on that? Yeah, I guess once in awhile. Taxes my mind though."

THAT'S PRECISELY what it should do, my friend. Do you realize the unbounded limits which the human mind is capable of reaching? We have developed only a small portion of that vast infinitude."

"Well, I . . ."

"Only a small portion. Imagine that. With all the resource at our disposal we have developed only a small part. And do you know why? Do you know why we are in this sad state?"

"Rush?"

"Precisely. We are afraid to sit back and lose ourselves in calm meditation. The Greeks really had one on us there, my friend."

"Yeah?"

"Do you know the element which they avoided in their life and which enabled them to do this?"

"Rush?"

"Yes. I can tell you are a thinker, my good man. Men like you are vital to national welfare and human existence."

"Thanks."

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BOOK REVIEW

Doctor Zhivago

by DR. BORIS PASTERNAK

WHEN THE Russian author, Boris Pasternak, was honored by being offered the 1958 Nobel Prize for Literature in recognition of his lyric poetry and his novel, *Doctor Zhivago,* the Soviet government denounced the award as another effort of the capitalists to discredit and embarrass the communists. This novel appeared in print in Italy in 1957. It's value was at once apparent. Numerous translations were quickly printed and the novel became a best seller in Europe and America. The literary excellence of the English translation is also a contributing factor to the success of this remarkable book in English speaking countries.

To what extent this novel is being circulated behind the iron curtain, it is difficult to gauge. Although it has been denied publication in Russia, it is known that many Soviet visitors to the world fair in Belgium carried home copies of it. Moreover, extracts from the novel have been broadcast to the Russian people. Undoubtedly, tape recordings of these programs exist and are in use.

Just as Tolstoy's novel, *War and Peace,* is the great epic of the Russian people of the early nineteenth century, so is *Doctor Zhivago* the epic of the many revolutionary and counterrevolutionary movements in twentieth century Russia, particularly between 1905 and 1930. The compass of this novel is almost as vast as Russia itself. Throughout the pages move characters from all segments of the Russian people. In spite of the complexity and diversity of the events narrated, a master hand weaves them together into a single fine skein. Pasternak, considered by many to be Russia's outstanding living poet, gives evidence of his genius in the poems of Zhivago, in the clear fluent style of his prose, and in his descriptions which are often gems of sheer poetic beauty.

THE HERO of this novel, Yuri Zhivago, like Pasternak, is a poet, and may well be autobiographic, in part. He loves art, beauty, life, and believes that no work of art is truly great unless it expresses joy of life and existence. Ambitious to write in a restrained and unpretentious style and at the same time in a manner so as to conceal and disguise any current references, his writings gradually take on the form of a broad and serene vision that elevate the particular and the familiar to the level of the universal. He is a profound thinker. His reflections and those of the other characters are an important and integral part of the plot. To select any one idea for special emphasis tends to destroy the proportion of this vast composition, for any one quotation is but a small segment of the whole.

As one follows the fortunes of Zhivago in Moscow, at the battle front caring for the wounded, in the Urals, treking across Siberia, one sees the terrible destruction wrought by revolution and war, the desolation of the land, the destitution of the people, and the savage, senseless slaughter of human life. As a youth Zhivago is attracted to the idealism of the early revolutionary theorists. He believes that the ultimate good that will be accomplished will compensate for temporary setbacks and readjustment. Even on his return from the war, he says of the approaching revolutionary struggle:

> During the revolution it will seem to you, as it seemed to us at the front, that life has stopped, that there is nothing personal left, and that there is nothing going on in the world except killing and dying. If we live long enough to read the chronicles and memoirs of this period, we shall realize that in these five or ten years we have experienced more than other people do in a century. I do not know whether the people will rise of themselves and advance spontaneously like a tide, or whether everything will be done in the name of the people. . . .
>
> I, too, think that Russia is destined to become the first socialist state since the beginning of the world. When this comes to pass, the event will stun us for a long time, and after awakening we shall have lost half our memories forever. We'll have forgotten what came first and what followed, and we won't look for causes. The new order of things will be all around us and as familiar to us as the woods on the horizon or the clouds over our heads. There will be nothing else left.

HOWEVER, after witnessing the horrors and ruthlessness of the revolution, Zhivago's ideas undergo a change. He becomes convinced that nothing will be accomplished by brute force and that the people will be attracted to good only by goodness. He sees the leaders as fanatics who have lost contact with humanity. He agrees with Lara when she describes the changes that have come over Russia.

> I can still remember a time when we all accepted the peaceful outlook of the last century. It was taken for granted that you listened to reason, that it was right and natural to do what your conscience told you to do. For a man to die by the hand of another was a rare, an exceptional event, something quite out of the ordinary. Murders happened in plays, newspapers, and detective stories, not in everyday life.
>
> And then there was the jump from this peaceful, naive moderation to blood and tears, to mass insanity, and to the savagery of daily, hourly, legalized, rewarded slaughter. . . . Everything began to break down all at once—trains and food supplies in town, and the foundations of the family, and moral standards.
>
> It was then that untruth came down on our land of Russia. The main misfortune, the root of all evil to come, was the loss of confidence on the value of one's own moral sense, and that they must sing in chorus, and live by other people's notions, notions that were being crammed down everybody's throat. . . . This social evil became an epidemic. It was catching. And it affected everything, nothing was left untouched by it.

IN THIS NOVEL there is a profound reverence for God. The birth of Christ is hailed as the most important event in history, as the moment when the ideals of individuality and freedom replace armed force. In a society where religion is denounced, the following words are significant.

> What you don't understand is that it is possible to be an atheist, it is possible not to know whether God exists, or why, and yet belive that man does not live in a state of nature but in history as we know it now began with Christ, and that Christ's Gospel is its foundation . . . . What are the Gospels? To begin with love of one's neighbor, which is the supreme force of vital energy. Once it fills the heart of man it has to overflow and spend itself. And then the two basic ideals of modern man—without them he is unthinkable—the idea of free personality and the idea of life as sacrifice . . . . It was not until the coming of Christ that time and man could breathe freely. It was not until after Him that began to live toward the future.

Zhivago's literary tastes are especially interesting as they reveal influences that have helped mold his style of writing. He esteems Tolstoy's devotion to truth, Pushkin's uncompromising clarity, but in all Russian literature he has come to admire most the childlike Rusian quality of Pushkin and Chekhov, whose works, in his opinion, have mellowed and grown richer in meaning with the years. The symbolists have likewise left their imprint on his writings. "The seemingly incongruous jumble of things and ideas in the work of the Symbolists (Blok, Verhaeren, Whitman) is not a stylistic caprice. This is a new order of impressions, taken directly from life." It is interesting in this connection that Zhivago believes that all great literary art resembles and continues the *Revelation of Saint John,* one of the most symbolic books in all literature. His poem, *Hamlet,* is an example of this influence and gives an idea of Pasternak's ability as a poet. Zhivago seems to be saying that like *Hamlet* he is compelled by an inner force to unmask the lie and to reestablish truth, and in so doing, he fulfills a predestined

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Stevenses Never Kep' No Mules

by ROY MONTGOMERY

WHEN I WAS a-sellin' dry goods out o' Sent Louis back in nineteen and four," Uncle Buck said, "why they was a little town down here south o' Rolla a ways whur they had what they called a 'liars bench' settin' like this out in front o' the post office."

"I've heered tell o' the like," Elmer Tinsley said: "ain't you, Joe?"

"Heered tell of 'em," Joe Mays nodded. "Ain't never seen one."

"What *was* it they called that town? Cain't recollect right off. Funny now, I could call the name of it jist as easy any other time when I wasn't tryin' to." Uncle Buck took a look at his watch and eased himself down on the bench beside Elmer. "Little early fer the mail, I reckon."

"Yep; ain't hardly had time time to get hit up yit."

"Town was named Turkey Run or some sich name—sump'm like Turkey Run, only that wasn't it. Never was much hand at yarnin', myself; but, gentle*men,* the whoppers them old men used to set there and tell!"

"I've heered ol' men set an' go on like that. Heered 'em go on fer hours, ain't you, Joe?" Elmer studied the stick in his hand and began to peel of a long, careful shaving. "Right smart storm we had last night."

Uncle Buck started to answer, and discovered he'd better spit first. *P-p-pt!* Tobacco juice sprinkled the sidewalk and curb in front of him. Elmer got up and moved around to his upwind side. Joe, squatting at the edge of the sidewalk, edged a little out of the line of fire.

"I kin chew all right with these here teeth," Uncle Buck said; "but I jist cain't spit worth a durn. Cain't seem to git puckered right."

"Had trouble with my own at first," Elmer sympathized. "Do as good now, though, as Joe here does with them four home-growed ones o' his he's hangin' on to."

"Aim to hang on to 'em, too," Joe said. "Wuz a right smart o' thunder and lightnin' we had there fer a while," he bought back the talk to the storm.

"Heered a mighty clost clap o' thunder in the middle o' the night," Uncle Buck said. "Wonder whur she hit.?"

WHY, HIT 'UZ that there big ellum tree in Miz' Oates's front yard, jist two houses down from me. Peeled off a strip o' bark wide as my two hands, plumb down to the ground." Elmer held up two hands to show how wide. "Hit 'uz ever' bit as wide as that."

"Never no tellin' what lightnin'll do—. Morin', Miss Emma. Nice mornin' after the storm."

"Good moring, Uncle Buck; yes, very nice morning." Miss Emma went into the post office.

"Puts me in mind now," Uncle Buck went on,"—puts me in min o' the storm we had the night them twins o' Cal Porter's was born. Lived right down the

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DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

(Continued from Page 7)

role in God's universal order.

Hamlet

The stir is over. I step forth on the boards.
Leaning against an upright at the entrance,
I strain to make the far-off echo yield
A cue to the events that may come in my day.

Night and its murk transfix and pin me,
Staring through thousands of binoculars.
If thou be willing, Abba, Father,
Remove this cup from me.

I cherish this, thy rigorous conception,
And I consent to play this part therein;
But another play is running at this moment,
So, for the moment, release me from the cast.

And yet, the order of the acts has been schemed
and plotted,
And nothing can avert the final curtain's fall.
I stand alone. All else is swamped by Pharisaism.
To live life to the end is not a childish task.

Like this poem, the whole vast composition of the novel may be a veiled allegory. The plot is so convincing, so real with the dramatic events of the revolution, that it is easy to overlook an inner significance. Surely Lara, who is of French Origine, is symbolic of the influence of French revolutionary ideals on Russia, and becomes the personification of a Free Russia. When she disappears after Zhivago's death, is not the author implying that this is the end of an era, and with its demise Liberty has vanished. But is hope not also held out that Zhivago's writings and influence live on after him and that somewhere Freedom still exists, as Katenka, Lara's child may symbolize, and that some day in

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street from the old Grace Baptist Church, Porters did. That was the night the church bell was struck."

"Yep; shore wuz," Elmer confirmed. "Miss Emmy that jist went in there's one o' the twins," he explained to Joe. "Boy one died."

"Well sir,' Uncle Buck continued, "I don't reckon they was ever sich a strange freak as that. Never did a particle o' harm to the church buildin'; but, gentle*men,* what it did to that bell!"

"How 'uz that, Uncle Buck?" Joe asked.

"Why, when the preacher heered the clap, he knowed it musta been the church or the parsonage was struck, and I reckon he prowled around fer an hour or more, smellin' fer smoke and lookin' fer damage before he went back to bed. Never found none till mornin; but I wisht you'd a seen that bell in the mornin', the way it looked a-hangin' there."

"Bust it?"

"Bust it? Hmmp!" Uncle Buck puckered and tried again, with not much better results. "Plumb melted it, that's what it done! Left it hangin' there in its yoke, dropin' like a wilted mornin' glory."

"Could see whur the lightnin' had went into the bell," Elmer volunteered, "but nary sign o' whur hit'd come out."

"Story got around that they was still lightnin' in the bell—that it had closed up on it, Meltin' like it did, and held the lightnin' in there," Uncle Buck took it up and went on. "Church had a collection fer a new bell, and ever'body all over town give sump'm fer it; but when they got it, it just laid there alongside the church, still crated up, fer years. Couldn't hire nobody to go up there in the steeples to help take the old one down. New one was still a-settin' there when the church caught fire years afterward and burned to the ground. Folks said it was that same lightnin' finally got out o' the bell somehow and set the buildin' afire."

"Lightnin'll stay in a place like that whur hit's struck," Elmer declared. "You recollect that time Dave Burns had lightnin' strike into the ground in that back pasture o' his? Burnt all the grass off'n a patch wide across as this here street. Been thirty-two years, come next month, and they ain't ary blade o' grass growed back on that patch yit."

"Reckon yo're right about lightnin' gittin' caught and stayin', "Joe agreed. "When I 'uz a boy up in Pickett County, we had a big black walnut tree my daddy 'uz a-fixin to cut fer timber to frame a barn he 'uz aimin' to build. Well sir, before we could git it cut, they come a storm one night with the awfullest lightnin' I ever seen; and a clap o' that there lightnin' hit that big walnut tree and jist blasted it right out o' the ground, roots and all."

"Hit'll do it," Elmer affirmed; "hit'll do it. I've saw 'em come up like that, roots and all."

YOUNG ART STEVENS from the bank came by on his way to work and stopped to see what the talk was. "Quite a storm we had," he offered. Joe made his nod serve both to answer him and to acknowledge Elmer's support.

Well," he continued, "nex' mornin' we went to do

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A STUDY IN CHARCOAL
B. J. Knowles

In Defense of Modern Art

by MARGIE LANE

As controversial as religion and politics, modern art is a discussion topic unlimited in ramifications and capable of arousing emotions stronger than limburger both offensive and defensive of the expression. The Thesaurian may detrimentally attach such adjectives as primitive, barbaric, and childish, but these terms are not necessarily offensive. The search for truth must begin somewhere and nothing is more honest than primitive delineation of form, nothing more pure than the child's vision of life. Is then this virtuousness the sin that puts the modern art in disfavor? More likely it is the insult to those who regard themselves as intelligent, but cannot see the beauty of line and color that brings forth no photographic reproduction.

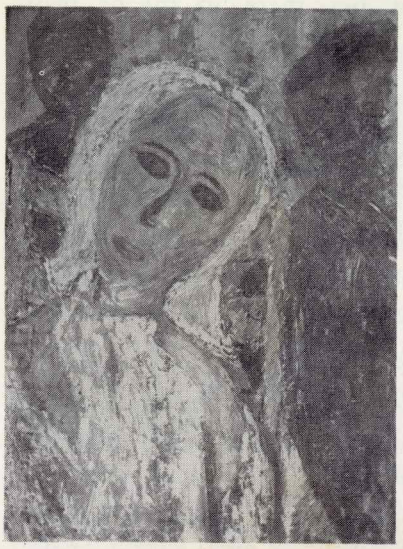
One critic attacks the artist on the counts of inability to draw, lack of brush control, and inattention to nature. This critic lacks the experience of having analyzed emotion, of having intellectually looked at his physical and mental environment without leaning on the crutches of convention. He has not the courage to think for himself and draw his own conclusions.

Another dissenter places all advocates of the movement in a category with those needing psychological treatment. He is not alluding to the therepaeutic value of art-media expression, but rather to the acceptance of color masses produced by the exploited monkeys, parrots, and earthworms. This critic should be made aware that all living creatures possess a feeling for rhythm. The spontaneous patterns produced by these animals are proof of this. The success of the creations is due completely to the human intellect that perceives the value of the rhythm and takes the work from its creator before the creature who lacks aesthetic judgment can spoil the purity of line and color.

The general public will accept the works of painters of a pictorial school for their sensitive treatment of line, for the conservative or flamboyant use of color, for their symmetric or asymmetric balance, for their detailed composition, but when these same elements are reflected from the canvas of a modern painter who deals non-pictorially in abstractions and exaggerations, the eye of the general public is confused because understanding of the fundamental principles of creation is incomplete.

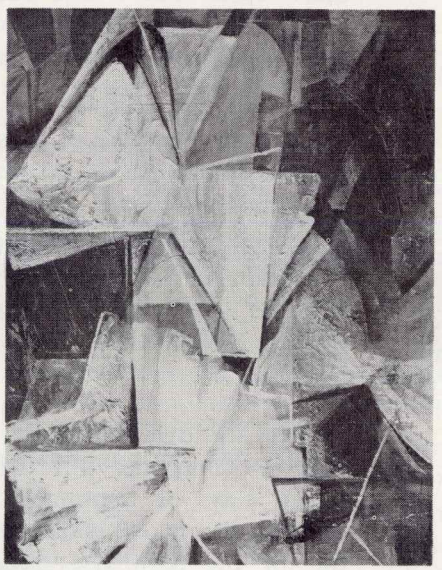
The public eye has put modern art on trial although its goals are laudable, its methods honorable, because it is undemocratic—it is edifying for a select group who declare independence of mind. Therefore, the modern art is discrimination in that it will let itself be understood by only the segregated few who can communicate with it. But let the opposition be put on trial to defend its narrow-mindedness, sentimentality, and cowardice. Who shall be attorney for a civilization the existence of which depends upon those things culture had determined they may see and feel? And who will uphold a culture that will not respect the perception, selection, and creation of the individual who is not afraid of honest beauty?

BELONGING TO THE W
David Huntley

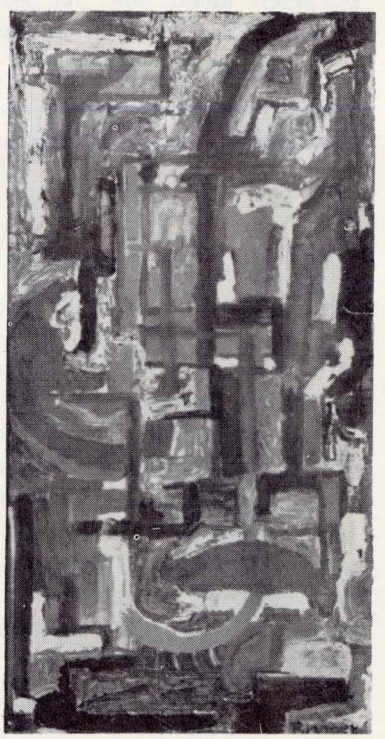


THE PENSIVE LADY
Bob Murray

LANDSCAPE
Margie Lane



YELLOW BUTTERFLYS
Virginia Barnes



LONELY STREETS
Gene Brymer

STEVENSES NEVER KEP' NO MULES

(Continued from Page 9)

the chores, and over in the woodlot where this here tree had stood, kinda down in a little draw like, we heered the al-mightiest thrashin' around; and Paw told us boys to stay back—he'd go and see what it wuz. He went up to the house first and loaded up the shotgun, and then sneaked up real careful over this little rise and down into the dip where the commotion wuz. He come a-hurryin' back directly, and his face waz white as a bullfrog's belly. You know, that durn tree 'uz down on the ground over there, crammed as full o' lightnin' as it could git and a a-layin' there wallerin' from one side to the other like a mule jist turned out o' harness. Well, we moved away from there that same fall and settled over in Byers County, and that tree still thrashin' around like that when we left. Paw took me back with him when Grampaw Mays died—I reckon that musta been six or seven years later—and we walked over to the old woodlot to see what had become o' the tree. Well, sir, when we got clost enought we could hear this faint swishin' noise, and we crep' up and down into the draw where the tree had fell and sure as I'm a-settin' here tellin' it, down there wuz that old walnut tree, what 'uz left of it, still a-rollin' back and forth, and worn down from its wallerin' till it wuzn't no bigger'n the thickness of a walkin' cane.

Uncle Buck had another pucker ready to fire, but he held onto it, started to speak, found he couldn't, puckered again, and let go. "Gittin' a little closter pattern now," was all he said.

"Well, I plumb declare to goodness! I plumb declare to goodness," Elmer was saying. "Don't hit jist beat all! Joe, they's people wouldn't believe a tale like your'n; but I declare hit ain't a bit stranger'n things I've saw with my own eyes. Yes sir, and if you hadn't a saw it, I don't reckon you'd be able to believe about what happened to Ol' Man Grisby out here east o' town. You heered 'bout that?"

"Don't seem as I have," Joe said. "How wuz it?"

"Well now, le's see if I kin call to mind jist how hit all happened. Seems like the ol' man 'uz a-doin' some chorin' around the barn one afternoon when hit come up one o' them sudden thunderstorms like you see sometimes. Ol' man 'uz on this side o' the barn, away from it, when the clouds commenced a-pilin' up so black, and he never even knowed they 'uz anything about to happen; but Miz' Grisby she seen it from the house and hollered fer him to come in before he got drowned. But the ol' man he 'uz deef as a post and never heered ner seen her, and went on about his work. So Miz Grisby had jist drawed in breath fer another holler when they came a flash o' lightnin' and a clap 'o thunder fit to skeer you to death if it never killed you; and soon as she could see again from the flash might' near blindin' her, there 'uz the ol' man still a-standin' out there, lookin' kinda dazed, with the shirt plumb ripped off'n his back and his britches saggin' from one suspender strap. Still a-standin' there he wuz, though; and the ol' woman come a-runnin' and a-hollerin' to him and led him into the house and sent one o' the gran'children, that happened to be there, to go fetch Doc Bryant.

"Doc he couldn't find a scratch on the ol' man—shirt plumb ruint, one gallus strap sliced in two like you'd took a razor to it; and the only other damage done wuz a hole, size of a ten-penny nail, drilled into a fresh plug o'chewin' tobaccer he had in his britches pocket. Lightnin' had went into that there tobaccer plug and never come out.

"Well, sir, I don't reckon they 'uz ever a closter pair than them Grisbys—clost as the paper on the wall. Ol' woman 'lowed him fifteen cents a week fer chewin' and grudged him ever' bite he took out of it, and I reckon he grudged it 'most as much as she did. Well, that plug with the hold drilled in it wuz all his chewin' fer the next three or four days, and he wuzn't 'bout to let no lightnin' do him out of it. Doc told him he better git shet of it; but you think that ol' man 'uz a-goin' to throw away a fresh plug like that? Took khim a bite out of it right there in front o' the Doc's face. Made Doc so mad he went out and got into his buggy 'thout sayin' another word.

"Well, the Doc wuz right. Ol' Miz' Grisby 'uz in the kitchen a couple o' days later and the ol' man 'uz in his rockin' cheer on the front porch, when she heered a mighty clap and she run to the door a-fearin' fer what she'd see. Well, she seen it! There 'uz the ol' man dead as a skinned polecat, with scorched pieces o' that tobaccer plug splattered all over the porch. Tell *me* lightnin' won't stay in whur hit's struck!"

UNCLE BUCK and Joe sat silent, neither offering to contradict this evidence of the strange and wilful ways of lightning. After the space of a few seconds, young Art spoke up. "Dad was leadin' a mule out of the barn one day," he said, "and lightnin' struck that mule dead as close to him as from here to Uncle Buck, and never hurt Dad a bit. Had hold of a rope halter on the mule, too."

Uncle Buck was puckered again. Just as he was about to cut loose, a sparrow lit on the edge of the sidewalk directly in front of him. Uncle Buck let him have it. The sparrow, dripping and noisily outraged, took off for points elsewhere. "He-he-he-!" Uncle Buck cackled; "reckon I'm gittin' the hang o' these here things after all."

Nobody else spoke. Young Art, seeing no applause forthcoming for his effort, walked off toward the bank.

"I've knowed that boy's daddy all my life," Uncle Buck said, "and I don't recall him ever losin' no mule."

"Knowed Tom Stevens sinst he wuzn't knee-high to that pup o' mine yonder," Elmer said. "Stevenses never worked no mules. Always had horses."

"Young feller like him, though," Joe Mays said, "cain't stand to tell a story 'thout stretchin' it to make it sound big."

"Hit's the truth now, they shore cain't," Elmer stood up and put away his knife and whittling stick. "Reckon we kin go git our mail."

Uncle Buck looked at his watch again and made ready to rise. "Fer as I kin remember," he said, "Stevenses wasn't folks that—p-p-pt—ever kep' no mules. Funny I cain't call the name o' that little town now."

IS

One day I was out
walking and cut across
a plot of flowers.

All of a sudden God
said—

"Get the hell off my flowers!"
'course, I said, "O go blow.
They ain't no sense in being so
particular."

So he shut up and I
finished walking across them
and crushing them under my
feet.

So I stepped up on the
sidewalk and looked down.
My shoes were all covered
with blood and I said—

"God, I'm sorry."
But God was gone.

The Tenth Year

by SARA LOU BERRY

ED LET himself into the house so as not to disturb anyone. A dim light shone in the living room and he found himself moving in that direction rather than to the bedroom where he knew he would soon be bombarded with Edith's questions. With a heavy sigh he lowered himself into the big easy chair. His eyes roved around the room, toward the desk. In another instant he was moving again, toward the desk. He took a chain of keys from his pocket and gingerly unlocked one of the bottom drawers. From its musty depths he drew forth a sheaf of papers. His face had taken on an excited look and he began to look through the papers eagerly, as if searching for something.

"Ed! Is that you?"

The whiny voice broke the peaceful silence of the house. Ed stopped his searching and let the papers drop.

"Yeah. I'm in the living room."

"Don't forget to turn out the light."

"Sure."

Ed gathered the papers in a pile with a mechanical motion born of long years of practice. He paused a moment as he placed them back in place. Then with a vehement gesture he slammed the drawer, locked it, and put the keys back in his pocket. He turned off the light and started to the bedroom, cursing softly as he ran into a table in the hall.

Edith had turned on the bedside lamp and was propped up in bed.

"What were you doing in there? What was all that noise?"

"Nothing. I just slammed a drawer."

"You're later than you said you'd be. What'd you do?"

"We just talked, Edith. You know how time passes when old friends get together."

"Old friends, hmmph. Haven't bothered to look you up for ten years."

"For Christ's sake, Edith." Ed stumbled over the dressing table stool and cursed again, this time not softly.

"Ed, have you been drinking?"

He headed toward the bathroom and closed the door, hearing in spite of this her trailing voice.

"Always going out and staying late . . . not even thinking about me and the kids. Sometimes I wonder why you didn't just stay single and write. If this is what's going to happen every time you go out, maybe you'd better stop. You don't think about anybody but yourself. You just . . ."

Ed turned on the water, hoping to drown out her voice. He looked at himself in the mirror and suddenly began laughing uncontrollably.

Edith's voice sounded over the water. "Ed! What are you laughing at?"

"Myself," he hollered back, not trying to keep his voice low.

In the bedroom Edith pulled the cover tightly

around her shoulders. "Try to tell me he's not loaded," she muttered savagely.

PAUL? I'm in the dressing room, dear."

"Paul? I'm in the dressing room, dear."

Paul opened the door and stood there watching his wife rub on her numerous night creams.

"Did you have a nice time?"

"It was interesting. I was surprised to see how much Ed and David have changed. They're not a bit like the fellows I used to room with."

Elaine stopped her massaging and looked at her husband in the mirror. "I do hope it wasn't too disappointing. You've been talking about it so much."

Paul threw himself into a nearby chair and lit a cigarette. "No, it wasn't disappointing. Disillusioning, perhaps. I just realized it was no use trying to go back to the old days."

"You can't ever really do that, dear. And besides, you've risen so much since then. After all, you are the only one who has been a success."

"I wonder." Paul drew on his cigarette and looked thoughtfully at his wife. "Have I really been a success?"

"Of course you have. You're a prominent writer. Everyone likes your books."

"Oh, I know that, Elaine. But I wonder if somewhere along the way, if at some time, I lost out like Ed and David."

"You're talking nonsense, Paul. By the way, this talk reminds me. Mrs. Stanley Hodges was at the Wilsons' this evening and she invited us to a cocktail party tomorrow night."

"Hodges?"

"Paul, you know *the* Stanley Hodges. He's president of the Addington Mills Corporation. They live on Crestview Drive."

"I think I remember the name."

"Well, you'd better remember it thoroughly. This is an important invitation for us. She told me she admired your writing a great deal. I rather imagine you'll be one of the guests of honor."

"Hurrah for the Anders. They're climbing steadily up the social ladder. Poor boy makes good. Sounds like one of my stories."

Elaine threw him an exasperated look and began massaging her neck. "Paul, must you be so cynical? I only want you to win in every possible way. The least you could do is show some appreciation."

"I'm sorry, Elaine," laughed Paul, rising and moving toward the door. He stopped there, though, and turned. "But what do we do when we get to the top?" he asked softly.

"What, dear?" Elaine turned casually.

"Nothing, nothing really. Just a cynical thought."

I SPEAK TO MAN

by MARGIE LANE

Tell me your God I say;
And your offer your pious euphoria
in blues
and grays
—an ancient with kindly eyes
and draped in white.

Tell me your people I demand;
and *you* paint
me
a perfect man
and his product of divine cell division,
Woman.

I ask you the whys;
and you answer
in platitudes.

So I tell you your whys
are the blunderings
of half-logic minds
schooled by an egg-beater, searching for an explanation
of the closing of circles;

Your people are Cro-Magnon,
Pithecanthropi,
and Proconsul;

Your God is legend,
is myth,
is dream, the wind,
the tide,
the sun,
the product of a dependent,
scared being
without the strength to look at life
without a smoked glass; without the courage
to look up
to see
nature grow
and change,
to find that if your God created man
in his own physical image,
your God is a hairy ape.

THE FLAT was dark and cold when David opened the door. He hurried to the radiator and turned it up, jumping back as steam spurted at him from a hidden leak.

He had just switched on the radio and started for the kitchen when the front door opened.

"Hi!" he called out cheerfully.

The woman didn't answer, but made her way to a chair and fell into it.

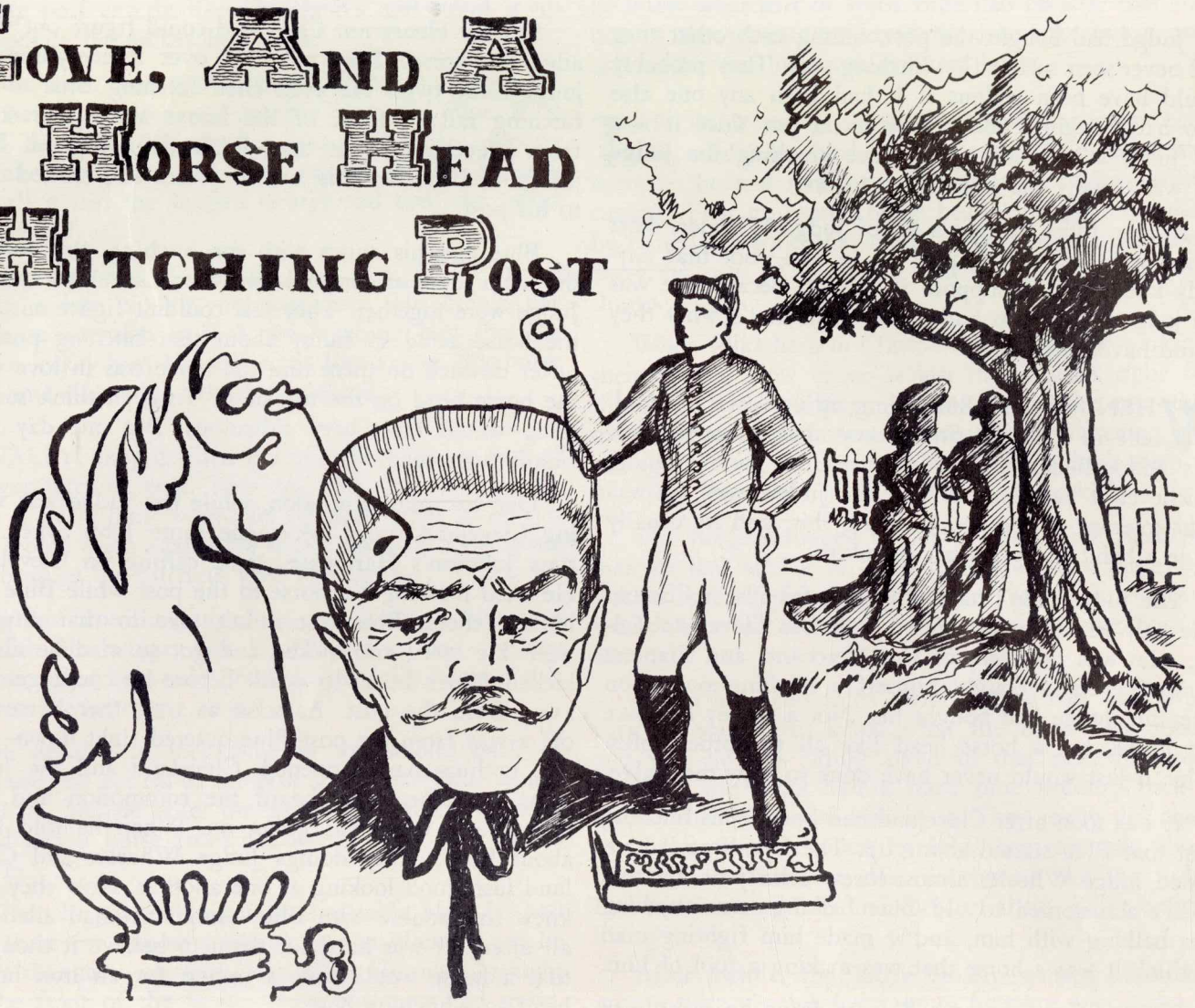
"I'm making some coffee. Here, let me take your coat. Have a rough day?"

"Not much worse than all the others. How was the reunion?"

"It was great, Nancy, just great. I'll tell you about it." He went into the bedroom and came back carry-

(Continued on Page 18)

Love, And A Horse Head Hitching Post



Written and Illustrated
By James Brantley

A HITCHING post is a rarity today, as rare as carriage blocks and whalebone stays and when they are seen they serve no real purpose. They stand foolishly before fancy houses as lawn decorations or before older ones as curiosities. But when Judge Henry Wheeler and Blue, the Judge's jet black stallion, were around there were many of them.

Now some people couldn't afford fancy hitching posts, don't let me give you the idea that everybody had one because they didn't. Those that couldn't afford them just made do with a wooden hitching rail. But the folks that bought them usually had either an iron jockey boy or a horse's head. There was only one iron jockey boy hitch here in Clinton, but quite a few folks had horse head posts, because they were cheaper.

When hitching posts first became popular, there was a rush among the folks here to see who could get them up in front of their houses the quickest. Most of the horse-head hitching posts looked pretty much alike. Mainly it was the bases of the posts that were different. Some were plain and some were fancy, with a ring for tying the horse somewhere about it. There were some horse head posts that had the ring for hitching through the horse's mouth, and some of them had their ears laid back tightly against their heads as if they were shying, but to folks they all looked more or less alike.

JUDGE WHEELER was the man, the only man, who bought a jockey-boy hitch. And all of these horse-head hitching post owners were set back on their heels when he first bought the thing. It was certainly fancy, that jockey-boy hitching post, but he looked as if he was doing you a big favor holding that stirrup out for you to put your reins through. The other hand was cocked on his hip, and he had a smart aleck look on his iron face. He was all painted up in bright colors. He had a little red cap, a red waistcoat, white breeches, black knee-high boots, and he stood on a fancy pedestal painted gold.

Everybody in town talked for a week or two after

the Judge had bought the post, telling each other they had never seen such a fine hitching-post. They probably would have been jealous if it had been any one else who had bought a jockey boy hitch, but since it was the Judge it was all right—since anything the Judge did was usually the right thing to do.

All the folks thought a lot of Judge Wheeler, most of it good, and they looked up to him—not that anybody knew why. I suppose it was all because he was the judge and if you had asked them that's what they would have told you.

WHEN folks met him riding up or down the middle of Franklin Street they always tipped their hats and called out good morning, or good evening, whichever it happened to be. The Judge, well he was right tolerant of the people doing this, and he usually made a habit to tip his hat in return.

The Judge didn't have any close friends in Clinton. The only person he associated with was Cleveland Teller, who was president of the Merchants and Planters Bank. Cleveland bought himself a hitching post soon after the Judge had bought his. Not a jockey boy like the Judge, but a horse head like all the other folks. Why, it just would never have done to copy the Judge.

It was soon after Cleveland had bought his hitching post that Blue started acting up. The first time it happened Judge Wheeler almost threw a hissy-fit. He just wasn't accustomed to old Blue balking—nor anything else balking with him, and it made him fighting mad to think it was a horse that was making a fool of him.

When he couldn't get Blue to leave he became so aggravated that he cussed—real unjudge like. Finally he climbed down from the saddle and tugged him away from the post. But when he remounted, Blue just turned right around and trotted right back over to the hitching post and began to nuzzel the iron horse's nose. Cleveland stood just inside the white paling fence that bordered his yard and watched the Judge and Blue. He chuckled as the Judge cussed and urged Blue to move but he wouldn't'. Finally, the Judge climbed down again and tugged him a good distance from the house and mounted up once more by sawing like the devil on Blue's reins he got him away from there.

This tug-of-war went on every time Judge Wheeler went over to Cleveland's house. It became so bad that the Judge hated going over, but he became so lonesome staying away from Cleveland's that he would end up going sooner or later—and having another round with Blue.

It made him mad for Blue to cut-up the way he did, but it made him even madder to have folks see him pulling old Blue away from the hitching post and acting so unjudge-like.

Neither Henry nor Cleveland could figure out what ailed the horse. They puzzeled over it everytime the judge came over. He even tried hitching Blue to the hitching rail in front of the house across the street from Cleveland's—but that didn't do any good. Blue just pulled the hitching rail to pieces and trotted over to his post.

Blue and his antics with the hitching post formed the main topic of conversation when Cleveland and the Judge were together. They just couldn't figure out why the horse acted so funny about that hitching post. It never dawned on them that the horse was in love with the horse head on the top of it. To even think such a thing would have been ridiculous. But one day they finally awakened.

One Saturday afternoon, while the Judge was visiting Cleveland, John Sykes, the same John Sykes that runs Johnson's Hardware, came calling on Cleveland. He tried hitching his horse to the post while Blue was hitched there. Blue just didn't take to that any too well. He rared and kicked and got so mad he almost kicked John's horse to death before he could get him away from the post. As soon as the other horse was off a way from the post Blue quieted right down—just like nothing had happened. Cleveland and the Judge came out when they heard the commotion and they asked John what was going on. When he told them about Blue's crazy doings Judge Wheeler and Cleveland just stood looking at one another. Now they both knew the trouble with Blue—and what had ailed him all along. It was hard for them to believe it though—that a horse would take a notion for an iron horse's head on a hitching post.

THE JUDGE was real pleased now, because he knew what ailed Blue, and he though he knew how to fix things with him. So he went right on down to Peacock's Emporium—as soon as he could get Blue away from Cleveland's post, and bought himself a horse head

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A SONNET

by HOPE NEELY

Persistence treads while Wisdom calls his name;
His heavy brogans plod through swamp and mud,
And day is just as long as it is tame,
But each mired step leads to Contentment's flood.
Procrastination on occasion hears
The voice of Conscience scold and remonstrate;
But, heedless, he skims through the days and years
On feathered feet that will arrive too late.
And at the goal toward which each one's begun,
Four laughing friends stand watching the regime.
The first bears taunts of Genius, Comfort, Fun;
Procrastination hears the jobes of Time.
But it's a pity—when will knowledge come
To find between the two a medium?

hitching post exactly like Cleveland's and stood it up right beside the jockey boy hitch.

Now there were two reactions to this, one from the folks here in Clinton and another from old Blue. First of all, the folks thought this was a silly idea, having two hitching posts, but they passed it off. Because after all it *was* the Judge's doings and then the Judge was the Judge.

It was another case with Blue though. He didn't change a bit. No sir, not one iota. He didn't pay any more attention to that new hitching post than he did the jockey boy. He still acted like a love sick horse every-time the Judge visited Cleveland.

FINALLY, they decided the only thing to do was to swap hitching post. They did, and after this is looked as if everything would be all right with Blue. But Blue fooled them again! He didn't want to leave home now because the hitching post was there.

By this time the Judge was just about at his ropes end with Blue's crazy fits. He became so mad one day that he vowed he would break up this silly horse match if it was the last thing he did.

He decided to lock Blue in the stables back of his house and get rid of the post and maybe Blue would forget it. So, he sold the horse-head hitching post, rented him a horse from the livery stable and locked Blue in.

When he took Blue out of the stable after he had been there for almost a month it was plain to see he hadn't changed—not that crazy Blue. He made straight for the front of the house where the post had stood. When he got there and found his horse head post gone he went hay-wire, yessire, plumb hay-wire!

First he pranced around a bit, then he turned on that jockey boy hitch. He reared up on his hind legs and started coming down on that iron statue's head and shoulders. Everytime he struck it sparks flew. Judge Wheeler tried to catch his reins and quiten him, because he was afraid he was going to break his forelegs, but he couldn't get to him. That horse was so mad—pawing and screaming, rearing and whinnying—that the Judge didn't dare get close to him.

Anyway, Blue came down on the statue one last time, and he struck it so hard that it broke that jockey-boy with that smart-alec look right off his pretty gold pedestal. It fell to the ground, its head busted open. Most of the paint was gone from the cap and the shoulders of his fancy waist-coat—he looked a sight now—a dern, pitiful sight.

Blue wheeled about as it fell and went flying down the street, still whinnying and crying. There wasn't any sense in trying to catch him, and the Judge knew it, he knew what sort of spirit Blue had because that was one of the reasons he loved the horse so, but if you ask me he was just a plain onery horse.

THE ONLY way to quiten Blue now was to get back the confounded hitching post again. The Judge was so upset he just struck out across town walking—and cussing. First he cussed horse head hitching post, then he cussed the folks that made them, but he didn't stop there, he even let in on the man who had invented the things.

When folks here in Clinton saw the Judge walking, their mouths flew open. It just didn't seem right for the Judge to be walking—he looked just like any other man. But since they were so accustomed to seeing him sitting so proud and fancy in the saddle it don't seem so odd that they were all surprised and shocked.

The Judge managed to buy the post back from the man he had sold it to, then he borrowed a mule and wagon to haul the post about, because he knew Blue wouldn't be calmed until he saw that hitching post of his.

When he asked folks about if they had seen Blue, they all wanted to know what the rucus was about, and why he was riding about in that rickety wagon. Most of the folks had a hard time holding back a laugh when they saw him in it. They really did crack their sides though when he told them his tale about Blue and the hitching post. It seemed like the Judge had lost his marbles—and most of them didn't believe his tale.

After awhile, the Judge finally spotted Blue. He was trotting up and down, from hitching post to hitching rail, searching for his misplaced lady friend. By this time the Judge was worn out. He didn't take to folks asking him silly questions and himself having to give silly answers—and then for them to laugh in his face and shake their heads as if they thought he was crazy! It was almost too much. He had been thinking all along about Blue's antics, and what they had cost him and he was both scared and mad. He hated to think of what the people would think of him after this—because a judge had to maintain his place with the people.

WHEN he whistled Blue came trotting right up to the wagon. Then when he saw that hitching post in the back of it he carried on over it something terrible—real unhorse-like.

After the hitching post had been placed in its old spot before the Judge's house, Blue seemed to change. I suppose it was because he was so darned pleased to have that post back again that he would do most any way. He never had to be tugged away from it again—he was contented just to be hitched there. The Judge was pretty proud of him too. Why, to see a crazy

horse grow-up like that would please any man.

The Judge changed too, or rather things had changed for the Judge, so he changed with them. He didn't sit so comfounded stiff and big in the saddle now, but he rode light and easy, like any man should.

The folks around here were still polite to him, but he knew they would always remember that day when he went chasing Blue. Why by-dingo, they were liable to laugh, and it just wasn't fitting for a judge to be laughed at.

So he put the pieces of that jockey boy hitching post out in the stable, way back in a dark corner, and once in awhile when he was rambling around out there he would come across it. When he did, he would always remember Blue's silly affection for that horse-head hitching post. But most of all he would remember that day when they both had learned some good common horse sense.

RODNEY CARRUTHERS, ESQ.

(Continued from Page 6)

"If we are to stand calm in the face of approching catastrophes, we need alert young thinkers."

"Yeah, you're right."

"And they must do their best to avoid that fathomless pit."

"Rush."

"Oh, yeah, sure."

The taxi came to an abrupt halt. "Here we are, mister. 322, right?"

Yes, certainly. Here, my good man. It's been a pleasure talking to you. Good day."

"Yeah, sure. Enjoyed it myself."

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

(Continued from Page 8)

God's foreordained order, Liberty will be restored to the people of Russia. Such an idea seems to be in the minds of two friends of Zhivago as they sit meditating over the writings of their former comrade, some twenty years after his death. Pasternak concludes the novel with these words:

> And Moscow, right below them and stretching into the distance, the author's native city, in which he had spent half his life—Moscow now struck them not as the stage of the events connected with him but as the main protagonist of a long story, the end of which they had reached that evening, book in hand.
>
> Although victory had not brought the relief and freedom that were expected at the end of the war, nevertheless the protents of freedom filled the air throughout the postwar period, and they alone defined its historical significance.
>
> To the two old friends, as they sat by the window, it seemed that this freedom of the soul was already there, as if that very evening the future had tangibly moved into the streets below them, that they themselves had entered it and were now part of it. Thinking of this holy city and of the entire earth, of the still living protagonists of this story, and their children, they were filled with tenderness and peace, and they were enveloped by the unheard music of happiness that flowed all about them and into the distance, And the book they held seemed to confirm and encourage their feeling.

LORRAINE PIERSON

THE TENTH YEAR

(Continued from Page 14)

ing a blanket. "Better put this around you. It's pretty chilly in here."

Nancy tucked her feet up under her and shivered slightly as she pulled the blanket closer.

"I wish you could have seen them, honey. Same old guys. 'Course, Paul's a big success now, but he's still the friendly fellow he used to be. Ed hasn't changed much either. We're all getting a little gray around the temples. Writer's distinction, you know."

"Yeah, I know."

"Paul was really interested in the story I'm working on. Said it sounded promising."

"You told him your story?"

"Well, no, not all of it. Just the general idea. He liked it, Nancy, really liked it."

"Enough to use it himself, maybe."

"Aw, Nancy. Haven't I told you before about the integrity of writers?"

"Yeah, sure. Honor among thieves, all that. But I don't think you should have told him the story."

"Now don't worry, honey. This is one story that's all mine."

"I thought you were making some coffee."

"Oh, yeah, I forgot. No, now you just sit right there. It'll only take a minute."

David hurried to the kitchen, talking excitedly. "You just wait, Nancy. The first thing we're going to do is get a decent apartment and then . . ."

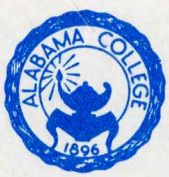
"Maybe you'd better wait till you get it written, David," she interrupted impatiently.

"What? Oh, yeah. But it's coming along, coming along fine. It won't be long now. This is going to be my bid for success. We'll be right up there with Paul soon."

"Sure, David, sure," she replied tenderly.

DEDICATION

We, the "Tower" staff, dedicate the 1959 "Tower" to Dr. Howard M. Phillips in thanks and appreciation for his patience, confidence, and moral support during times of stress.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